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How ought Workingmen to Vote in the Coming Election?

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON,

AT EAST BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1860.

Fellow-Citizens :—Holy Writ teaches us that in the morn of creation, man was made in the image of God, given dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field; placed, innocent and pure, in the Garden of Eden, to dress and to keep it. That same sacred volume teaches us, also, that the tempter came, that man fell from his original purity, and was sent forth into a world cursed for his sake, to eat bread in the sweat of his face. Since the serpent glided into Paradise, and hissed into the too credulous ear of the mother of mankind thoughts of disobedience to the mandate of the "Higher Law," earth has been the theatre of an "irrepressible conflict" between the contending forces of good and of evil. This "irrepressible conflict" between the vital and inextinguishable powers of truth, justice and freedom, and the dark spirit of evil, which in multitudinous forms ravages and stains humanity, will go on until Millennial glories shall encircle the globe, and man shall everywhere recognize the brotherhood of all humanity, love his neighbor as himself, and do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.

Doomed at his fall from original purity and innocence to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, man, forgetful of the brotherhood of all humanity, has sought through all ages, to eat his bread, not in the sweat of his own face, but by the enforced and unrequited toil of his brother man. The powerful, unmindful of the sacred rights of a common humanity, have sought to avert from themselves the doom of the race, by wringing from the weak the fruits of unpaid toil. To filch from his brother man the bread gathered by the sweat of his face, man has stained the world with crime. He has warred upon nations, poured out human blood like autumnal rains, led millions into returnless captivity, forged fetters for human limbs, tortured the body, shrivelled and debased the mind, darkened the soul and sunk man, with all his Godlike attributes, down to the level of unreasoning beasts of burden. All these nameless woes, these sumless agonies of mankind, which have left scars deeply furrowed upon the face of humanity and upon the face of nature itself, have been inflicted upon the race to enable the privileged few to clutch from the unprivileged many the bread earned by the sweat of the brow.

It is our fortune, fellow-citizens, to live in this age, and in this magnificent Continental Empire, this land of wondrous fertility, where Providence has garnered illimitable resources to be developed for human prosperity, power and happiness. It is our privilege to be the citizens of this Democratic Republic of North America, with its achieved free institutions based upon the recognition of the rights of human nature, with millions trained in self-government, and in complete possession of the citadel of consummated power—the ballot-box. Here the loving heart, the enlightened conscience and the unclouded reason of man can utter their potent voices for just and equal laws, and for their wise and impartial administration. In other ages and in other lands, whenever the people have sought to recover lost rights or to enlarge existing privileges, they have

been forced, like the sons of Italy now following the banners of Garibaldi, to bare their bosoms to the sword, the bayonet and the cannon—to face battle-field, scaffold and dungeon. Here in our America, by the toil and blood of a glorious ancestry, we can go peacefully to the ballot-box, abolish the abuses of government, inaugurate reforms and vindicate the rights of mankind.

Our country began its existence among the nations by accepting and proclaiming the sublime doctrine of human equality. "The New Republic," says Bancroft, "as it took its place among the powers of the world proclaimed its faith in the truth and reality and unchangeableness of freedom, virtue, and right. The heart of Jefferson, in writing the Declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity; the assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind and all coming generations." * * * "Put forth in the name of the ascendant people" it made the "circuit of the world," and "the astonished nations, as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy like those who have been exiled from childhood when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue."

Citizens of the Republic, which began "its existence," in the words of John Quincy Adams, by the proclamation of the universal emancipation of man from the thralldom of man, we are once again summoned to perform a great constitutional duty. Responding to this summons to elect a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, we find the nation, in this age, illumined by the beams of a humane, Christian civilization, stirred to its profoundest depths by the "irrepressible conflict" between the interests and claims of the few, who eat their bread—not in the sweat of their brows, but by the enforced and unrequited toil of bondmen—and the enduring interests and indefeasible rights of millions of toiling men who eat their bread in the sweat of their own faces. Living upon the enforced and unpaid toil of four millions of black bondmen, the slave-masters now haughtily proclaim their right to take their human chattels into the Territorial possessions of the Republic—to hold them there under the protecting folds of the national flag, in spite of the legislation of Congress, or of the people inhabiting the Territories, or any human power. In full possession of the governments of the slaveholding States, abrogating, in support of their interests in human flesh, the freedom of speech and of the press, aye, and of the ballot-box, too, they haughtily assume the control of the National Government, and defiantly tell the toiling millions of America, who eat their bread in the sweat of their own faces, they will "shiver the Union from turret to foundation stone," if they dare take, by constitutional means, possession of their own government, now shamefully perverted by the flesh jobbers to the interests of human slavery.

Shall the slave masters of America range over the vast Territories of the United States, with their bondmen? or shall these Territories be forever consecrated to freedom and free institutions

for all—preserved for the free laboring men of America, their children and children's children? Shall the privileged few or the unprivileged many guide the counsels of Republican America? These questions, so pregnant with interests of transcendent magnitude, address themselves to the heart, the conscience and the judgment of the American people, for upon their right decision depends in no small degree the permanent interests and the enduring renown of the Republic. These questions, involving issues so vast, press themselves upon the consideration of all America. The man of wealth may, perhaps, be deaf to these pressing questions—the merchant or the professional man, influenced, perhaps, by temporary interests, may put them aside; the farmer, standing, in conscious pride, on his fee simple acres, may postpone them to a more convenient season, but the poor man, the mechanic, the laboring man, the man who, by the sweat of his brow, earns the bread which supports the wife of his bosom and the children of his love, cannot shrink from meeting the issues now forced upon the country by the slave perpetualists and slave propagandists. Self-interest, self-respect, the love he bears his wife, and the hopes centered in those who inherit his blood and bear his name, all urge, press, command the poor man, the mechanic, the laboring man, to rush to the ballot-box, on the 6th of November, and vote to take the Government of his country from the unhallowed grasp of men who, by word and deed, have proved themselves the mortal enemies of free labor and free laboring men, and to place that Government in the hands of statesmen who will maintain the rights, interests and dignity of free labor—statesmen who will

“ ——— take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

Glancing over this assemblage of the freemen of East Boston, I see before me the manly forms of toiling men who, through weary days and sleepless nights of personal toil, have won for themselves positions of independence, or who now, by the scanty wages of manual labor, support themselves and the dear and loved ones of their household. And I say to you, men of Massachusetts, slavery is the unappeasable enemy of the free laboring men of America—of the North and of the South! Aye, I repeat—slavery is the unappeasable enemy of the free laboring men of America, of the North and of the South! The party that upholds slavery in America, that would extend its boundaries, increase its influence and its power, is the mortal enemy of the free white laboring men of the United States! I declare to you, men of Massachusetts, and if I could be heard, I would proclaim it in the ear of every laboring man in America, the slavery of the black man has degraded labor and the white laboring man of the South, and dishonored the white laboring man of the North! Some writer, I think it was Carlyle, has said that the Indian away on the shores of Lake Winnepeg cannot strike his dusky mate but the world feels the blow. Put the brand of degradation upon the brow of one working man and the toiling millions of the globe share in that degradation. Slavery makes labor dishonorable—puts the brand of degradation upon the brow of manual labor, free as well as slave, blights the homes of the free laboring white men of the South, and casts its baleful shadows over the homes, the fields and the workshops of the laboring men of the North.

In 1620—two hundred and forty years ago—freedom and slavery came to the shores of America. Freedom took the rugged soil and still more rugged clime of the North; slavery took the genial clime and sunny lands of the South. Freedom, starting from Plymouth, has advanced with steady step westward, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific seas, founding Commonwealths which recognize the eternal laws of man's being. Slavery, starting from Jamestown, has advanced westward and southward into the depths of the continent, founding States of privilege and caste. The results of these two antagonistic systems are plain to the comprehension of all men.

Here, in these free Commonwealths, are twenty millions of freemen, with free speech, free press, free schools, free churches, and free institutions. Here, all questions that concern humanity are examined and discussed by the unfettered press and the free thoughts and words of men. Here, “labor,” in the words of Daniel Webster, “looks up and is proud in the midst of its toil.” Here, the laboring man, who daily goes forth with a brave heart to toil for his loved ones, wins not only bread by the sweat of his face, but the applauding voice of men who honor labor, who believe the laborer is worthy of his hire. Here, the toil of the working man is lightened by ennobling motives, by aspirations which expand the mind and elevate the soul. The toil which wearies his arm is to make glad the home of wife and children; to smooth adown the declivity of life the steps of parents to whom he owes his being; to lift the burdens of life from brother, sister or friend; or to win for him competence, independence, positions of power, the lofty and glittering prizes of ambition. Here, the laboring men in all the fields of manly toil are working out a condition of society for the toiling masses more elevated than can be found in any other portion of the globe. Here, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, the mechanic arts, churches, schools, libraries, the institutions of a refining civilization, flourish in vigor and strength. Such are the magnificent results of Freedom in the North.

The results of Slavery in the South glare upon us from every rood of the land stained by its existence. The fruits of slavery are bitter to the taste and sickening to the soul of man. There are auction blocks, where man, made in the image of God, is sold like the beasts that perish; there are chains and fetters for human limbs; whips to scourge and torture the body, and laws to debase and brutalize the mind and soul of man. There, labor is dishonored—laborers degraded, despised. “To work,” said William Ellery Channing, “in sight of the whip, under menace of blows, is to be exposed to perpetual insult and degrading influences. Every motion of the limbs which such a menace urges, is a wound to the soul.” To work beside the bondmen urged on to toil by the menace of blows degrades the poor white laborer down to the abject condition of the slave. To continually eat the bread of enforced and unrequited toil, to look upon labor extorted by the menace of the lash—upon the laborer thus degraded, excites in the bosom of the slave master that scorn for manual labor, and that contempt for laboring men, now so manifest in the slave States of republican America.

The deterioration, exhaustion and desolation of the soil of the South, under the culture of unskilled, untutored, unrewarded slave Labor, stands confessed by even the champions of that cleaving

curse. Thousands of square miles—millions of acres of the best soil of the western world have been blighted, blasted, desolated by the polluting footsteps of the bondman. The champions of slavery, men who would eternize it, extend its boundaries and its dominion over the National Government, have borne testimony to the desolating effects of the Southern system of agriculture, which means the Southern Slave Labor system, upon the most prolific soil of the continent.

Nearly two and a half centuries ago, Sir Thomas Dale said of Virginia, that you might take the four best countries of the world, and they would not compare with that colony in fertility of soil. At an early period, Lane, Governor of the Raleigh Colony said of Virginia and Carolina, "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven—the most pleasing territory in the world."

Says "A perfect description of Virginia," published in London in 1649: "New England is to Virginia as Scotland is to England. There is much cold, frost and snow; their land is barren; except a herring be put into the hole you set the corn in, it will not come up."

More than two hundred years have passed since these words were written, and this "goodliest soil under the cope of heaven," where they were not forced, like the dwellers of poor New England, to "put a herring in the hole they set the corn in" to bring it up, was characterized by Henry A. Wise in 1855 as "poor land," the possession of which was "poverty added to poverty." "You all own plenty of land," said that champion of slavery, "but it is poverty added to poverty, poor land added to poor land; and nothing added to nothing makes nothing. * * * You have the owners skinning the negroes, and the negroes skinning the land, and you all grow poor together. You have relied alone on the power of agriculture; and such agriculture! Your sedge-patches outshine the sun; your inattention to your only source of wealth has seared the bosom of mother earth. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge-patches to procure a tough beefsteak."

Charles J. Faulkner, now Minister to the Court of Louis Napoleon, said in the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, in 1832, of millions of acres of this goodliest soil under the cope of heaven, that it was "barren, desolate and seared, as if by the avenging hand of Heaven;" that the "derision, discontent, indolence and poverty of the Southern country" were the fruits of that system which made "freemen regard labor as disgraceful, and slaves shrink from it as a burden tyrannically imposed upon them;" and he implored the statesmen of the Ancient Dominion to rescue and save her from the fatal effects of slavery, that "bitterest draught in the chalice of the destroying angel." Such are the descriptions of the trusted sons of Virginia, of that "goodliest soil under the cope of heaven," now blighted, exhausted, desolated in producing that "Virginal crop" of human flesh, in nursing that loathsome commerce in humanity which causes the bitter tears of riven hearts ever to flow, and the endless wail of agonized souls to ascend to God.

Judge Longstreet, a native of Georgia, refers to a classic dwelling which occupied a lovely spot in one of the most fertile regions of his native State. It was overshadowed by majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks. Forty-two years afterwards he visited this spot, once so lovely: "The sun poured his whole strength upon the bold hill which once supported

the sequestered school-house; a dying willow rose from the soil which had nourished the venerable beech; flocks wandered among dwarf pines, and cropped a scanty meal from the vale where the rich cane had bowed and rustled to every breeze; and all around was barren, dreary and cheerless."

De Bow's "Resources of the South," from Fenno's Southern Medical Reports, speaks of "decaying old tenements" in Georgia—"red old hills, stripped of their native growth and virgin soil, and washed into deep gullies, with here and there patches of Bermuda grass and stunted pine shrubs struggling for subsistence on what was once the richest soil of America."

In traversing his own native county of Madison, Senator Clay, of Alabama, mournfully declares that "One will discover numerous farm houses, once the abodes of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will observe fields once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned, and covered with those evil harbingers, fox tail and broom sedge; he will see the moss growing on the mouldering walls of once thrifty villages; and will find 'one only master grasps the whole domains' that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families. Indeed, a county in its infancy, where, fifty years ago, scarce a forest tree had been felled by the axe of the pioneer, is already exhibiting the painful signs of senility and decay apparent in Virginia and the Carolinas; the freshness of its agricultural glory is gone; the vigor of its youth is extinct, and the spirit of desolation seems brooding over it."

Gazing upon these "painful signs of senility and decay" in young Alabama, which are so "apparent in Virginia and the Carolinas," upon the "desolation which seems brooding" over the "fields once fertile, now unfenced and abandoned," the Senator must have heard ringing in his ears those terrible words of George Mason, "slavery brings the curse of heaven on a country."

Slavery has not only scarred the fields of the sunny South, but it has more deeply scarred the face of humanity. Its ruinous power is visibly written on the foreheads of millions of poor white men. Senator Hammond, in an address before the South Carolina Institute, said: "Of the three hundred thousand white inhabitants of South Carolina, there are fifty thousand whose industry, such as it is, and compensated as it is, is not adequate to procure them honestly such a support as every white person is entitled to. Some of them *maintain a feeble and injurious competition with slave labor*; some can scarcely be said to work at all; they obtain a precarious subsistence by occasional jobs, by hunting, by fishing, sometimes by plundering fields or folds, and too often by what is in its effects far worse—trading with slaves, and seducing them to plunder for their benefit."

Senator Hammond, one of the champions of slavery, here is forced to make the fatal admission that thousands of the sons of South Carolina are forced to "maintain a feeble and injurious competition with slave labor."

William Gregg, in an address delivered before this same South Carolina Institute, in 1851, said: "I put down the white people who ought to work, and who do not, or are so employed as to be wholly unproductive, at one hundred and twenty-five thousand. * * * A large portion of our poor white people are wholly neglected, and are suffered to while away an existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. * * * Many a one is reared in proud

South Carolina, from birth to manhood, who has never passed a month in which he has not been stinted for meat. * * * These may be startling statements, but they are nevertheless true."

A Southern-born gentleman who had resided in South Carolina, and who had travelled in Spanish America, said to Mr. Olmsted, of New York, author of "A Journey Through the Seaboard Slave States," speaking of the Spanish and Hispano-Indian races, that he had "seen, among the worst of them, none so entirely debased, so wanting in all energy, industry, purpose of life, and in every thing to be respected, as among extensive communities on the banks of the Congaree in South Carolina. * * *

They are more ignorant, their superstitions are more degrading, they are much less industrious, far less cheerful and animated, and very much more incapable of being improved and elevated than the most degraded peons of Mexico. Their chief sustenance is a porridge of cow-pess, and the greatest luxury with which they are acquainted is a stew of bacon and peas with red pepper, which they call 'hopping John.'"

Speaking of the sand-hillers, Mr. Olmsted says that a rich planter described them in these words: "They seldom have any meat, except they steal hogs which belong to the planters or their negroes, and their chief diet is rice and milk. They are small, gaunt and cadaverous, and their skin is just the color of the sand hills they live on. They are quite incapable of applying themselves to any labor, and their habits are very much like those of the old Indians."

A Northern gentleman who had spent a year in South Carolina, said to Mr. Olmsted, after speaking respectfully of the wealthier class: "the poor whites, out in the country, are the meanest people I ever saw—half of them would be considered objects of charity in New York."

With these terrible effects of slavery upon the soil and people of South Carolina, her politicians are clamoring for the re-opening of the African slave trade, for a slave code for the Territories, and muttering treason and breathing out threats of bloodshed and civil war. Orr, defeated in his aspirations to run on the Douglas ticket for the Vice-Presidency, would have South Carolina go out of the Union if two other States would go with her. Aspiring to a seat in the Senate, hoping to win the lost confidence of the sincere fire-eaters, he heroically avows that he would not permit Lincoln to execute the laws of the country excepting "over the bodies of the slain sons of the South." Fearing that his treasonable avowals will not magnify him enough at home to secure the coveted prize of the Senatorship, this insincere and hypocritical politician writes to an eminent Union Democrat to reply to his treasonable utterance, and thus give him importance in the eyes of the people of South Carolina. The mild, gentle, dignified Keitt, Keitt who never struts, vapors nor blusters, never excites the irrepressible mirthfulness of the House, nor amuses the galleries with the chatterings, grimaces and contortions of a galvanized monkey, would "shiver the Union from turret to foundation stone," to "defend an institution guarded by the records of the world, by the traditions of all mankind, by the logic of history and the fitness of things, and without which the South would sink down into chaos."

Mr. Olmsted says of large portions of the people of Georgia, "they are coarse and irrestrainable in appetite and temper; with perverted, eccentric and intemperate spiritual impulses,

faithless in the value of their own labor, and almost imbecile for personal elevation." Mr. Tarver, of Missouri, in a work on "Domestic Manufactures in the South and West," says: "I have observed of late years that an evident *deterioration* is taking place in this part of the population, the younger portion of it being less educated, less industrious, and, in every point of view, less respectable than their ancestors."

Mr. Olmsted has just published a work entitled "A Journey through the Back Country of the Slave States." Travelling for nearly six months on horseback, for many thousands of miles, through interior portions of the slave States, he saw the disastrous effects of slavery upon the social life of the people. The people generally are coarse, reckless and inhospitable, and their state of civilization such that they have no idea of the comforts which the mass of even our Northern laboring men enjoy; that the standard of comfort is low, so that in nine cases out of ten, between the Mississippi and the James River, he "slept in a room with others, in a bed which stunk, supplied with but one sheet, if any; washed with utensils common to the whole household; found no garden, no flowers, no fruit, no tea, no cream, no sugar, no bread, no curtains, no lifting windows, (three times out of four absolutely no windows,) no couch. If one reclined in the family room, it was on the floor, for there were no carpets or mats. For all that, the house swarmed with vermin. There was no hay, no straw, no oats, no discretion, or care, or honesty, at the —; there was no stable but a log pen, and besides this no other out-house but a smoke house, a corn house, and a range of nigger houses. * * * From the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the James, I did not (that I remember) see, except perhaps in one or two towns, a thermometer, nor a book of Shakespeare, nor a piano-forte or sheet of music, nor the light of a carcel or other good centre table or reading lamp, nor an engraving, or a copy of any kind of a work of art of the slightest merit. Most of these houses were, I should also say, the mansions of 'planters,' 'slave-owners,' 'cotton lords' of the 'Southern aristocracy.'"

Mr. Olmsted declares that in nearly six months' travel, during which he came to public houses not oftener than once a week, and was thus generally forced to seek lodging and sustenance at private houses, this was "often refused, not unfrequently rudely refused. But once did I meet with what Northern readers could suppose Mr. De Bow to mean by the term, 'free roadside hospitality.' Not once with the slightest appearance of what Noah Webster defines hospitality—'the practice of receiving or entertaining strangers without reward.' Only twice, in a journey of four thousand miles, made independently of public conveyances, did I receive a night's lodging or a repast from a native Southerner without having the exact price in money, which I was expected to pay for it, stated to me by those at whose hands I received it."

De Bow's Review, a work devoted to the interests of slavery, says: "The menial class is generally regarded as of the lowest; and in a slave State, this standard is 'in the lowest depths a lower deep,' from the fact that, by association, it is a reduction of the white servant to the level of their colored fellow menials."

Measuring laboring white men in the slave States by this "standard" which reduces them "to the level of their colored fellow-menials," it is no matter of surprise that the slave-masters enter-

tain for the white workingmen of the South and of the North, sentiments and feelings of scorn and contempt. Mr. Olmsted, in his "Journey to and through Texas," treating of society, South, speaks of a "devilish undisguised and recognized contempt for all humbler classes. It springs from their relations with slaves—and is simply incurable." This "incurable" sentiment of "devilish undisguised and recognized contempt" of slave masters and their allies for poor laboring white men, finds utterance in the crude productions of their authors, in the speeches of their public men, and in the presses that lead public opinion in the slave States.

Mr. George Fitzhugh, of Richmond, Virginia, a political writer of large reputation in the South, published in 1854 a work entitled "*Sociology for the South; or the Failure of Free Society*," in which he said:

"Ten years ago we became satisfied that slavery, BLACK OR WHITE, was right and necessary. We advocated this doctrine in very many essays."

"We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the negro race. The Jewish slaves were not negroes; and to confine the justification of slavery to that race, would be to weaken its Scriptural authority, and to lose the whole weight of profane authority—for we read of no negro slavery in olden times." "Slavery, black or white, is right and necessary." "Nature has made the weak in mind or body, slaves." "Men are not born entitled to equal rights. It would be far nearer the truth to say, that 'some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them—and the riding does them good.' 'They need the reins, the bit and the spur.' 'Life and liberty are not inalienable.' The Declaration of Independence is exuberantly false and aborescently fallacious."

"Make the laboring man the slave of one man, instead of the slave of society, and he would be far better off." "TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF LIBERTY HAVE MADE WHITE LABORERS A PAUPER BANDITTI."

"Free society is a monstrous abortion, and slavery the healthy, beautiful and natural being which they are trying unconsciously to adopt." "The slaves are governed far better than the free laborers at the North are governed. Our negroes are not only better off as to physical comfort than free laborers, but their moral condition is better."

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic organ of the South, edited in 1856 by Roger A. Pryor and a son of Gov. Wise, the *Examiner*, and other leading journals, indorsed these sentiments of Fitzhugh, assailed free society, maintained that "slavery is right, natural and necessary;" that "it is in itself right;" "does not depend on difference of complexion;" and that "the laws of the Southern States justify the holding of WHITE MEN in slavery." The *South Side Democrat*, edited by Mr. Banks, of Virginia, a candidate of the Democracy in 1856 for Clerk of the House of Representatives, and now the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Douglas organ of the West, said, in 1856:

"We have got to hating every thing with the prefix FREE, from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue—FREE farms, FREE labor, FREE society, FREE will, FREE thinking, FREE children and FREE schools—all belong to the same brood of damnable isms. But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of FREE SCHOOLS. The New England system of free schools has been the cause

and prolific source of the infidelities and treasons that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrah, and her land into the common nestling places of howling Bedlamites. *We abominate the system because the SCHOOLS ARE FREE.*"

And the Muscogee (Ala.) *Herald* said in 1856:

"Free society! we sicken of the name. What is it but a conglomeration of GREASY MECHANICS, FILTHY OPERATIVES, SMALL FISTED FARMERS. All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with, is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body-servant." * * *

These abhorrent doctrines—these sentiments so scornful, so contemptuous of labor and laboring men are shared by Southern writers, presses and politicians, and they go unrebuked by the pliant presses, writers and orators of the Northern Democracy.

On the 4th of March, 1858, Senator Hammond of South Carolina stood up before the representatives of the toiling millions of America and declared that

"In all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life—that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect, and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. * * * IT CONSTITUTES THE VERY MUD-SILLS OF SOCIETY and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air, as to build either one or the other except on the mud-sills." That "The man who lives by daily labor—in short, YOUR WHOLE CLASS OF HIRELING MANUAL LABORERS AND OPERATIVES, AS YOU CALL THEM, ARE SLAVES." * * * "The difference between us is, that our slaves are hired for life—yours are hired by the day. * * * YOUR SLAVES ARE WHITE—OF YOUR OWN RACE."

These offensive sentiments of one of the acknowledged chiefs of the slave power and of the slave Democracy, uttered in the face of the representatives of "hireling manual laborers"—of Senators, many of whom had been themselves "hireling manual laborers"—"the mud-sills of society"—received no word of rebuke from the representatives of that recreant Democracy of the North, which is ever false to freedom and true to the interests of slavery.

But none of the slave-masters have excelled Herschel V. Johnson, the candidate of the Douglas Democracy for the Vice-Presidency, in insolence toward the working-men of America. This owner of one hundred and seventeen laboring men and women, stood in Independence Square, in 1856, beneath the shadow of that hall where the sublime creed of human equality was proclaimed in 1776, and declared that "there must be a laboring class—a class of men who get their living by the sweat of their brow," and that "WE BELIEVE CAPITAL SHOULD OWN LABOR." Standing the other day before the working-men of Pittsburg, he insolently and scornfully told them to "LOOK AT THE SLAVES IN YOUR OWN WORKSHOPS! THEY ARE DRIVEN TO THE POLLS AT THE BECK OF THEIR MASTERS, UNDER PENALTY OF BEING DISCHARGED." Standing before the men of Indiana, on soil consecrated forever to freedom by the ordinance of 1787, he bade them "plant their foot on every man's neck who dares to say that he will interfere with slavery ANYWHERE."

Listen, men of Massachusetts, to the insolent

and brutal mandate of this Democratic flesh jobber, who "believes capital should own labor," to his pliant followers to plant their feet upon the necks of men who dare say it would be for the interests of white laboring men to exclude slavery from the territories. To the assembled people of Terre Haute, Indiana, this aristocratic flesh-monger declared that he "owned twenty negroes that could beat Abe Lincoln in splitting rails," and that he "had rather have one of them for President than Abe Lincoln, so help him God!" And this lordly owner of one hundred and seventeen human beings—this foul-mouthed insulter of the laboring men of America—was heartily endorsed by the Massachusetts Douglas State Convention at Springfield for his fidelity to "the sentiments of his constituents," and for his "able and fearless promulgation of Democratic truth." "Able and fearless promulgation of Democratic truth"! To proclaim that it is best that "capital should own labor," is an "able and fearless promulgation of Democratic truth"! So pronounces the Douglas Democracy of Massachusetts in convention assembled.

Workingmen of East Boston, of Massachusetts, do not fail to remember that Herschel V. Johnson, who "believes that capital should own labor," who contemptuously tells workingmen to "look to the slaves in their workshops," who insolently bids his adherents to "plant their foot on the necks of any man who dares say he will interfere with slavery anywhere," who avows that "so help him God" he "had rather have one of his negroes President than Abe Lincoln the rail-splitter," is endorsed by the Douglas Democracy of Massachusetts for his "able and fearless promulgation of Democratic truth"!

Workingmen of East Boston, of Massachusetts, of the free North, will you, can you, go to the ballot boxes and give your votes for Herschel V. Johnson, the "able and fearless promulgator of the Democratic truth" that "capital should own labor"?

Slavery, which has thus seared and blasted like a consuming curse the fairest soil of America, dishonored labor, degraded poor white laboring men in the South and heaped contempt upon the workingmen of the North, has silenced free speech and a free press, violated the sanctity of the post office, profaned the ballot-box to force itself upon unwilling Kansas, arrested, insulted, scourged, banished, imprisoned, and brutally murdered men guilty of no offence against law, humanity or religion. Mr. Underwood attends a national convention, summoned to restore the government to the policy of the Republican Fathers—to the policy of Washington and Jefferson—and he is forced by threats of mob violence to flee from home, wife, children. Mrs. Douglas teaches poor children to read the Ten Commandments—the words of our Saviour "Suffer little children to come unto me"—and old Virginia, the mother of States and of statesmen, consigns her to the convict's cell. Professor Hedrick thinks it best that Kansas shall become a free State, and he is deposed from his professorship and forced to flee from his native Carolina. A minister of religion has a few copies of Helper's *Impending Crisis*, and North Carolina dooms him to the penitentiary. A poor Irish laborer says, "It would be better for white laboring men if there were no slaves," and South Carolina arrests him, strips him, lashes him, covers him with tar and feathers and hurries him out of her limits. A poor seamstress thinks slavery a wrong, and feeble woman as she is, chivalric

South Carolina commits her to the dungeon. Mr. Evans mildly expresses the opinion that Free States are better than Slave States, and a brutal Texas mob lashes him to death and leaves his unburied body for buzzards. A brave German condemns the deed of wanton murder, and he is forcibly driven from his home and the State of his adoption. A travelling map seller is suspected, and he is murdered, "translated," in the brutal words of Texas journals, "to another sphere of action"—"climbed a tree and hurt himself in coming down." A bookseller is suspected, and he is arrested by mob violence, his books burned, and he set afloat on the river, then hunted by dogs and more brutal men, forced to cross streams, to hide in the swamps for days to save his life. School teachers, mechanics, laboring men, are seized, disgraced, insulted, expelled, and a despotism as brutal as the despotism of the Bombas of Naples reigns over portions of this Democratic Republic. The honor, safety, liberty and life of American citizens are all in the keeping of men, brutal in word and deed—men drunk with the fanaticism of slavery.

The champions of this system, which sets at defiance the laws of the living God, and the rights of human nature—this system, which buds and blossoms with fruits so hateful to the sight and so bitter to the taste, now haughtily demand the right to expand it over the Territories, under the protection of national legislation. The rights, the honor, the permanent interests of the workingmen of America imperatively demand that this audacious claim shall be inflexibly resisted. On the 6th of November the people of America are summoned to decide, whether these Territories shall be polluted by the barbarizing instruments of human bondage—the auction block, the handcuff, the blood-stained cowhide, the bloodhound, and all the brutalizing influences of slavery, or whether these Territories shall be illumined by the beams of equal, universal, and impartial liberty, and beautified by the cunning hand of intelligent, cultivated, skilled free labor. The mechanics of the free States, whose workmanship in a thousand varied forms, beautifies the land; the workingmen in the field, mine, mill, workshop, on the deck of vessel and steamer, everywhere, should, in view of the transcendent magnitude of the pending issues, ask themselves these vital questions: With what political organization ought we to act? For which of the candidates for Chief Magistrate of the Republic should we vote?

The workingmen of America cannot, surely, look to John Bell and his party to save the Territories to free labor and free laboring men. That party professes in the North to ignore that vital issue, while in the South it vies with the slave code Democracy in demanding the right to carry slaves, as property, into the Territories, under the protecting legislation of Congress. The Richmond *Whig* claims that "John Bell is the only candidate that ever defended slavery upon principle, or advocated its extension." John Bell, a Tennessee slaveholder, avows that the material interests of the country "may trace to Slavery, as to their WELL-SPRING, their present gigantic proportions;" that "*humanity to the slave, not less than justice to the master*, recommends the policy of *diffusion and extension into any new Territory*;" and that "the general doctrine cannot well be questioned;" that the flag of the Union protects the citizen in the enjoyment of his rights of property of every description, recognized as such, in any of the States, on every sea,

and in every Territory of the Union." "Recognizing no principle," adopting the wicked maxim of Washington Hunt, "to abandon principle for once," the party of John Bell in the North seeks affiliation with the Democratic factions—not to elect John Bell—but simply "to beat Lincoln." With "Union" upon its lips, it courts alliance with the secession faction of Breckinridge, with slave perpetualists who demand a slave code, clamor for the re-opening of the African slave trade, and mutter treasonable maledictions upon the Union. It lovingly embraces Douglas, who "don't care whether slavery is voted down or voted up," and Johnson, who "believes capital should own labor." Working men of East Boston, of Massachusetts, of the North! I say to you, with the sincerity of profound conviction, you can no more safely entrust the sacred cause of the freedom of the Territories to the conservative faction of John Bell, than could our revolutionary fathers confide the cause of American liberty and national independence to the "skulking neutrals," or the cowardly conservatives who sighed for the British union, and for the enforcement of British laws. Otis, Hancock, Warren, Quincy, and the Adamses did not confide the cause of the Revolution to the conservative lawyers who applauded Hutchinson, the ablest tool of the British tyrant in America, nor to the shopkeepers, who in clandestinely addressing him, "lamented the loss of so good a Governor." Do not, I pray you, entrust the cause of the toiling men of the Republic to the nerveless conservatives, the dry goods traffickers, who are eager to sell their principles as well as their goods.

In the contests with the British Crown, preceding the appeal to arms, history tells us, that "at Boston the agents and supporters of the British ministers strove to bend the firmness of its people by holding up to the tradesmen the grim picture of misery and want, while Hutchinson promised to obtain in England a restoration of trade if the town would pay the first cost of the tea." Alarmed by these "grim pictures of misery and want," and seduced by the promises of this adroit instrument of British tyranny, one hundred and twenty-three merchants and others of Boston clandestinely addressed Hutchinson, "lamenting the loss of so good a Governor, admitting the propriety of indemnifying the East India Company, and appealing to his most benevolent disposition to procure speedy relief." Twenty-four conservative lawyers endorsed "the general character and conduct" of this agent of despotism. The history that records the weakness and folly of these very respectable conservative lawyers and shopkeepers, records the glorious fact that the people, "the thousands who depended on their daily labor for bread," "never regretted" that they were called upon to "suffer in a good cause." Then the mechanics of Boston, led by Paul Revere, counceled with Samuel Adams concerning the mighty problems of Liberty and Independence. Alarmed by impotent threats of disunion, seduced by the hopes of increased Southern traffic, lured on by petty, personal ambition, conservative lawyers and shopkeepers of this age are imitating the ignoble example of the "Hutchinson Addressors." Let the working men of Massachusetts and of the country see to it, that the historic pen which shall record the acts in this "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery in America, shall trace for the admiration of all coming time the glorious fact that the men who earn their bread by the

sweat of their brows, have followed the bright example of the mechanics of the Revolution.

Lured by the glittering prizes of ambition, seduced by the blandishments or awed by the menaces of slave masters, the Democracy has been for years the pliant instrument of the slave power. It has fought the battles, won the victories and shared the crimes of slavery. Once the Democratic party talked of the rights of man; now it talks only of the rights of property in man. The Democratic party, as organized and led, during the past few years, has been the enemy of the free white laboring men of America. To-day there is not a measure dear to the free white working men of the United States that has the support of the Democratic party. In sentiment, in principle, in measure, the slave Democracy is hostile to the laboring men of America. Faithless to the cause of humanity, faithful only to the assumptions and claims of slave masters, the Democracy has staggered on beneath the burden of its crimes against the human race to its inglorious fall. Torn by bitter feuds and broken into hostile factions, the Democracy still clings instinctively to the cause of slavery.

Breckinridge bears aloft the banner of slavery expansion, slavery protection, and slavery domination, and around that black flag rallies the Democratic masses of the South and the men of the North who believe with Mr. Buchanan, that "the master has the right to take his slaves into the Territories, as property, and have it protected there under the Federal Constitution"—that "neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair that vested right." Benjamin F. Hallett tells the assembled Breckinridge Democracy of Massachusetts that there can never be a successful Democratic party in the free States, so he goes with the slave code Democracy of the South. There can never be a successful Democratic party in the North! What an admission is this! There can never be a successful Democratic party in the land of free speech, free press, free schools, free labor, and free educated workingmen, trained in self-government! Successful Democracy buds and blooms only in the land of bondage, where the right to think, to discuss, to act, is not recognized; where labor is dishonored and laboring men despised! Surely the workingmen of the North cannot, will not sustain by their suffrages that false, foul, profane Democracy, which draws its life, its soul, from slavery.

Douglas "Don't care whether slavery is voted down or voted up." To him it is a matter of supreme indifference whether a million and a half of the square miles of America shall be gladdened by the footsteps, and beautified by the hands of free men, who acknowledge no man master, or whether they shall be seared, blasted, desolated, by

The old and chastened lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

The laboring men of the North, aye, and of the South, too, should never forget, nor forgive that heartless declaration. The peerless Washington cared whether slavery was voted down or voted up in the Territories, for he "trusted we should have a confederacy of Free States," and he deemed the ordinance of 1787 "a wise measure." The working man who votes the Douglas and Johnson ticket, votes for a President who "don't care whether slavery is voted down or voted up," and for a Vice-President who "believes capital should own labor." Can a work-

ing man, who eats his bread in the sweat of his face, give such a vote? Such a vote would be a betrayal of the cause of the toiling masses of America, an act of self-humiliation, which should bring the blush of conscious shame to the cheek.

The Republican party, brought into being by the necessities of the country and the needs of the age, rejects the wicked dogma that slaves, the creatures of local law, are recognized by the Constitution as property, that the Constitution of Republican America carries slavery wherever it goes, and that the national flag protects slavery wherever it waves. The Republican party "cares whether slavery is voted down or voted up" in the Territories, rejects with horror the idea that "capital should own labor," disowns the craven declaration that "it is the part of patriotism and of duty to recognize no principle," and bravely and hopefully accepts the duties now imposed upon the people of the United States, by the Providence of Almighty God. The Republican party proclaims its living faith in the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, now scoffed at and jeered at by the leaders of the slave Democracy, as "rhetorical flourishes," "glittering generalities," "self-evident lies," "farragoes of nonsense;" pronounced by Breckinridge, "abstractions," which, if carried into practice, would "lead our country rapidly to destruction," and declared by Douglas to mean only that "British subjects on this continent were equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain."

The Republican party believes, with its chosen leader, Abraham Lincoln, that "these expressions" of apostate Democratic politicians, "differing in form are identical in object and effect—the supplanting of the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy;" that "they would delight a convocation of crowned heads, plotting against the people;" that "they are the vanguard, the sappers and miners, of returning despotism." The Republican party believes, too, with its noble candidate, that the "abstract truth" of the declaration is "applicable to all men and all times;" that "to-day, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression." Accepting as its living faith the creed of the equality of mankind, the Republican party recognizes the poor, the humble, the sons of toil, whose hands are hardened by honest labor, whose limbs are chilled by the blasts of winter, whose cheeks are scorched by the suns of summer, as the equals before the law of the most favored of the sons of men.

Believing with the Republican Fathers, of the North and of the South—with Washington and Franklin, Adams and Jefferson, Henry and Jay, Morris and Mason, Madison and Hamilton, King and Munroe, Pinckney and Martin, and their illustrious associates—that slavery is "a sin of crimson dye," "an atrocious debasement of human nature," "a dreadful calamity," which "lessens the sense of the equal rights of mankind, and habituates us to tyranny and oppression;" believing with Henry Clay, that "slavery is a wrong, a grievous wrong no contingency can make right," the Republican party is opposed to slavery everywhere. Recognizing the rights of the States, it does not claim power to abolish slavery in the States by Congressional legislation, but it claims the power to exclude slavery from

the Territories, and by the blessing of God it will use every legal power and make every honorable effort to expel slavery from every rood of the Territory of the Republic.

Workingmen of Massachusetts, you who eat your bread in the sweat of the face, would you make the self-evident truths of the charter of Independence again the active faith of America—would you weaken the influences of slavery and the power of the slave masters over the National Government—would you expel slavery and its degrading influences from the Territories—would you bring Kansas as a free Commonwealth into the Union—would you suppress the reviving African slave trade, now dishonoring the nation—would you erase from the statutes of New Mexico the inhuman slave code, and the more infamous code authorizing employers to degrade white laboring men with blows, while it denies all means of protection, by closing the courts against their appeals for redress—would you set apart the public domain for homesteads for the landless—would you construct a railroad across the central regions of the continent to the Pacific—would you adjust the revenue laws so as to incidentally favor American labor—would you win back our lost influence with the nations South of us on this continent, and thus increase and develop our manufacturing and commercial interests; would you reform existing abuses, strengthen the ties of interest and affection, which bind these sister States together, and put the Republic in the van of advancing nations, then, then commit, fully and unreservedly commit yourselves to the cause of Republicanism, to the support of the Republican party, and its tried and trusted candidates. Born in the ranks of the toiling masses, reared in the bosom of the people, trained in the hard school of manual labor, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin are true to the rights, the interests, and the dignity of the workingmen of the Republic—worthy to lead their advancing hosts to victory for the vindication of rights as old as creation, and as wide as humanity.

The sons of toil in Pennsylvania and Indiana—the toiling men slavery brands as "greasy mechanics," "filthy operatives," "small fist'd farmers," "hireling manual laborers who are essentially slaves," "the mud-sills of society"—have closed the contest by pronouncing their irreversible verdict for Republicanism. Massachusetts will respond to Pennsylvania and Indiana by a voice not to be misunderstood, by making John A. Andrew her Chief Magistrate. Workingmen of East Boston, of this District, upon you is devolved the duty—I know you will joyfully perform—of returning Anson Burlingame to the Congress of the United States. You have trusted him and he has been true to you. His votes have been for freedom and for the rights and interests of free labor and free, law-loving men. His voice in Congress and before assembled and admiring thousands, has ever uttered the clear accents of freedom, and thousands of the young men of America, won by his burning words, have rallied to the support of that cause our hearts love and our judgments approve. His defeat would sadden hundred of thousands of Republican hearts and cast a hue of sorrow over the joys of the coming triumph. His election will gladden the hearts of millions, and win for you the applauding voices of the Republicans of all America.



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